

# THE ORACLE



YEAR BOOK

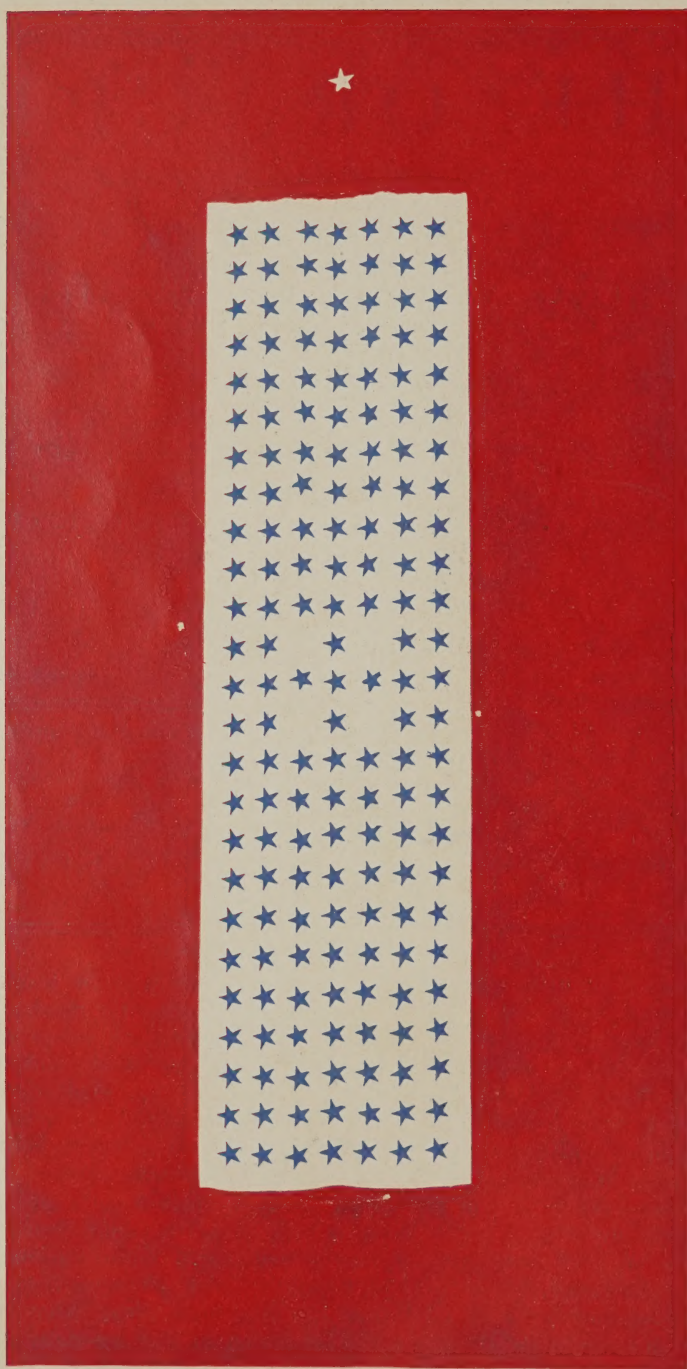
1918











P. H. S. SERVICE FLAG



# THE ORACLE

*"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."*

## YEAR BOOK OF THE CLASS OF 1918

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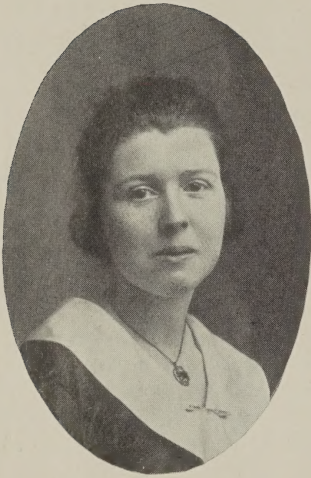
JUNE, 1918

No. 9

With four years of happiness drawing to a close, we who are leaving those four years behind, wish to give some proof of our affection for those men who at some time in their lives have shared that happiness which comes as a gift from our Alma Mater, and who are now serving in the Army and Navy of these United States. These are they who cheerfully and gladly are giving their all; one of them has even made the Supreme Sacrifice. They have given up home happiness and home associations for something which is infinitely more sacred than home happiness—the call of the nation to her young men. As they are giving their lives to save us from those horrors which France and Belgium have so bravely endured, it is our wish and our duty to honor them; and so, we, the Class of 1918, with all our hearts, dedicate this, our Senior Oracle, to the men represented on our Service Flag, to our High School men in the Army or Navy; and we pray God that He may make them what they and we would wish them to be, the finest type of heroes to war for those principles which our Nation upholds.

## Salutatory Address

Constance A. Durrant



This commencement night marks the close of our High School life. Up to this time, our associations have been familiar to us. Now, we must go out into surroundings that are, as yet, unknown. Before we go, it is our pleasure to acknowledge the debt of gratitude that we owe. So, this evening, we wish to assure the people of Plainfield and the Board of Education, who carry out their wishes so well, that we feel deep appreciation

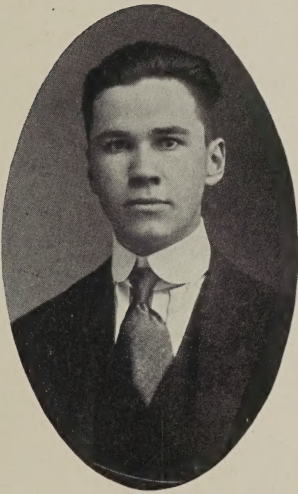
for their sane attitude in not cutting down any of our school work in these war days, and even increasing our opportunities for service. Other countries that have sacrificed the interests of their schools on account of war conditions, are now realizing their mistake.

To our principal, Mr. Best, whose thought and interest have molded our High School career, we pledge our loyal friendship. Our only regret is that our Dr. Maxson is absent tonight because of ill health. To him, who has given so much of himself for us, we send our love and our earnest hope for his speedy recovery. Others of our school circle are absent tonight, and to them—our Senior boys and all Plainfield High School boys “over there” or about to go over seas, we send our cordial greetings.



## Valedictory Address

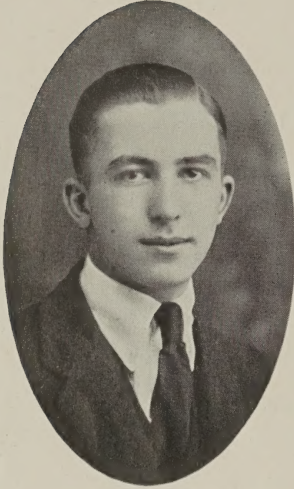
Howard B. Stelle



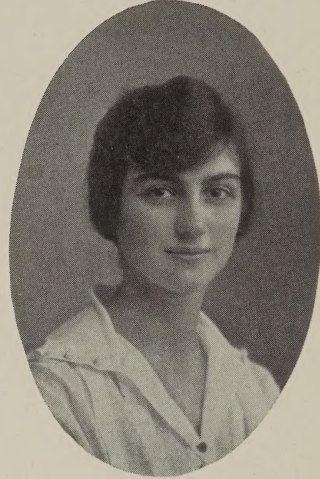
CLASSMATES: As we have played our part in this gigantic struggle of nations during the past year, so must we continue to do in the future and with far greater measure of devotion and sacrifice. We are looking forward to the time when, in fulfillment of our President's ideals, the whole world shall be a decent place in which to live, when democracy shall hold full sway and autocracy be banished, when war forever shall be done away.

Not only must we set our faces against the advance of the Prussian army and the Prussian spirit, but we must say to all ideals which are unworthy of America, "Thou shalt not pass." May each one of us "fight the good fight" and do his part in bringing about this New World.

## Class Officers



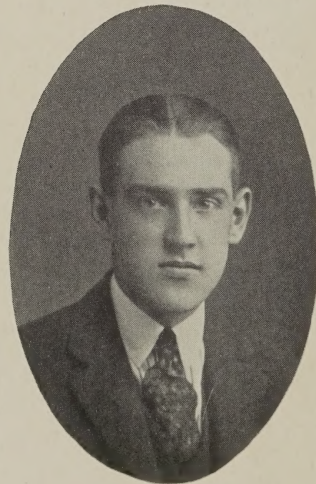
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*Vice-President*



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*Treasurer*



## A Man's Part

(As told by Harold Bloomfield, winner of the First Babcock Prize)

Private Brooks' mind was at ease. He did not attempt to deceive himself about the dangers of a listening-post, especially in this spell of heavy fighting, and he admitted frankly that he might not come back, but—well, he needn't worry. That Government insurance bill had driven the dark cloud from his horizon. Brooks had slipped off alone after taking out his policy, and figured out the whole matter: If he were killed, his mother and sister would be able to manage with his sister's earnings and the ten thousand dollars of insurance money. If he returned from the war, he could support them. And at present, they were eking out a frugal existence from the money he sent them and the rather small wages of his sister, so—

"Say," cautioned his comrade in a whisper, "watch your feet. You're makin' too much noise."

"All right. We must be about near enough, ain't we?"

"Not quite."

They crept on farther under a starry sky that made the scattered artillery fire seem strangely out of place. Stakes, scraps of wire, and shell-holes, everywhere, impeded their progress, but it was not long before they were close enough to the enemy trenches. The two soldiers lay down to listen, with bayonets attached to their loaded rifles.

It was exciting work. Shadowy forms sprang up out of the darkness on all sides, moved phantom-like, and faded away, to reappear in other places. Blacker patches on the ground formed sudden resemblances to men lying in ambush, but a closer scrutiny would convince Brooks they were but tricks of his imagination. He could feel the blood pound through his ears. What dull, stupid stuff that bookkeeping had been, he thought sardonically.

Suddenly the enemy's artillery broke forth in a thunderous crash, that almost brought the soldiers to their feet. The heavens seemed rent by the explosions, and Brooks felt the earth tremble. The bombardment continued in a deafening roar. Then star-shells began to appear here and there. The two men cursed bitterly at the sight of them. In a few minutes they were bursting all along the line, disclosing the soldiers in a white glare. Hoping to be overlooked, they flattened out and lay motionless. A bullet spat into the ground in front of them, and was followed by another to the side.

"Let's beat it!" Brooks yelled into the ear of his comrade. "Good luck!"

"Good luck!" came in the answering shout, barely audible above the uproar. They leaped from the ground and raced madly for their trenches. Bullets

whistled past them and kicked up the ground about their feet. Brooks felt a sting in his arm, but forgot it immediately. He despaired of reaching the trenches in one sprint, and headed for a shell-crater. A shrapnel-shell burst off to the side. He felt a vicious lash in his face and tumbled, unconscious, into the hole.

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Slowly Brooks became conscious of a heavy ache in his head. His right arm was stiff. What was the matter? Where was he? He stretched out his left hand weakly. There was nothing but earth, cold and damp. His bewildered thoughts groped for an explanation. Then his wild flight flashed upon his mind with all the vividness of a terrible experience. He lay quietly, wondering what to do.

The big guns were still roaring their defiance to civilization. Those cursed light bombs had disappeared. The stars had been obscured. How black that hole was! He shifted his luminous wrist watch before his eyes. Eyes! The truth struck him a sickening blow! God! He had none!

He writhed in agony, moaning, sobbing. A terrible sense of injustice crowded into his tortured head. A black hopelessness followed it. What would become of him? And his mother? And his sister? He buried his face in his arm and recoiled from the pain. He could never earn a living for them! They could not get along alone! The same thoughts returned again and again to torment him.

At last, he came to a sudden resolve. He knelt, and moved his lips silently. Then he crawled upward until his left hand felt the edge. After repeated efforts, he dragged himself over, and rose upon unsteady legs. He faced toward the direction he thought the enemy trenches must lie. Almost eagerly he waited for that which would surely come. He was not disappointed. In a few moments Private Brooks fell again into the shell crater, and lay still at the bottom.



## Jocko

(As told by Herbert Seaman, winner of the First Marsh Prize.)

"Bang! Crash! Smack"—there was a terrible yelping and snarling on the lonely New England beach. A boy rushed down the sand toward the cause of the noise. As he rounded a wooded point a never-to-be-forgotten sight met his eyes. Sand blew here and there, pieces of driftwood shot through the air and in the middle of this hurricane was a dark mass of legs, tails and teeth. Yes, it was a dog fight—and a good one, too. Now, off here on the coast, there was not much for an active young lad to do but while away his time whittling or counting the numberless sails which flocked the azure horizon. So, for want of a better motive, the boy perched himself on a rock and watched the battle. Suddenly he leaped to his feet with a startled exclamation. One of the dogs, a mongrel, had succeeded in overturning his smaller enemy and was trying to get at its throat. The poor, little puppy, having no way to defend himself, was rapidly giving in when a tense brown hand clutched the mongrel's furry neck and, with a rapid kick, sent him yelping down the beach. The owner of the hand now turned his attention to the puppy whom he had rescued in the nick of time.

One of the dog's eyes was badly bruised and swollen, in fact, so badly hurt that he could express his thanks toward his deliverer with only one eye. Bob, for that was the lad's name, took the dog up in his arms and carried him home to the Lighthouse. The puppy was an Airedale terrier about two months old, Bob reckoned. At the Lighthouse, Bob dressed the puppy's wounds, and not so much as a whimper did he get from the puppy. Right here would be a good time to describe the place that was to be the dog's home all his life.

The New England Coast at this place is a barren enough spot, indeed, and the occupants of Lighthouse No. 4 led a lonely life. The rugged coast for miles is covered with formidable rocks, some jutting 'way out into the ocean, partly submerged, a perfect Waterloo for unwary seamen. Solidly built on a reef of these rocks, standing like a sentinel, is Lighthouse No. 4. It serves a double purpose: to warn sailors of the hidden danger lurking beneath the white-capped billows and also to act as a life-saving station for that stretch of coast line. On the beach is a shed containing a heavy sea-worthy boat and the cannon which shoots the life-line to the unfortunate mariners.

This, then, was where the dog was to pass many happy hours, racing up and down the beach with his master, swimming in the foaming surf, or taking long hikes through the woods with Bob. The latter was just as fond of his

pet, whom he named "Jocko," as the dog was of him. Jocko was always ready for play and fun and Bob taught him many tricks. There was, however, one thing that the dog disliked and that was the numerous storms they have on the coast of New England. During them Jocko would sit at his master's feet, huddled up close to them, and shiver and shake every nerve in his body. "That there dog may be a thoroughbred, but I don't t'ink he'll ever make a life-guard," Bob's father had said, and although Bob protested he could not help agreeing with it in his heart.

One day Bob's father came in and throwing down his hat remarked. "We're in for a big one, now, sonny. A reg'ler nor'-easter probably blow up tomorrow."

"I hope no ships will get wrecked," his son replied, thinking of the storm of ten years ago, when the fishing schooner "Larabee" was wrecked on the shoals off Cape Cod.

Mr. Worthington's words came true for during that night the sea was remarkably smooth, not a breath was there stirring, but on the following morning a squall came up which developed into a furious gale, accompanied by a thunder-storm. All day long the lightning flashed, sending zig-zagging streaks of light through the grey heavens. All day long the thunder crashed, now long peals and now sudden explosions, which sent shivers of fright down Jocko's spine. All during the storm he never left Bob's side, so great was his fright.

It was late in the afternoon that Bob came running down the circular stairs in the tower, after having been up to look at the light. "Father! father!" he shouted, "there is a ship wrecked on the reef!" Just then there was a distant explosion, and running to the window Bob saw a rocket shoot up into the air from the ship. "A signal of distress!" murmured he and followed his father out of the door. Jocko, not knowing the cause of this excitement, hesitated an instant, then plunged down the beach after his master. When the latter arrived at the boat-house, strong hands were wheeling the great boat out of the house. They could not use the cannon for the ship was too far out for the line to reach. Now the boat was in the surf and a half dozen men with Bob and his father jumped in. After three or four attempts they got the boat beyond the breakers and put off toward the wreck.

Jocko was left on the beach. What was this, anyhow? Why did they not take him, too? He crept into the shelter of the boat-house and waited for the return of the boat.

After a long wait he saw an object moving in the water. Yes, it was the boat! But this time it was crammed full of men and the water was rushing in over the gunwale. Finally they landed and the life-savers disembarked, each carrying a sailor. There was Bob's father, but where was Bob? Jocko ran



about in search of his master, smelling every one of the men. No, he was not there. Suddenly Bob's father came running to the boat. "Son! son! where are you?" he called. No answer. "Here, men, push off the boat! We've got t' go in search of my son! Sam, you take the men up to my wife. She'll look after them."

There they were, in the boat again, and Jocko was left on the beach. Where was his master? He had left in the boat and the boat had returned without him. He must be out there, alone—Jocko walked to the shore and, wrinkling his nose, looked out over the water. Not a thing could he see. His mind was already made up. He must find his master! Bravely he walked into the foam. The water was icy cold, but he did not feel it. A huge breaker broke over him and he struggled to the surface. When he arose, he found he was out beyond the surf and he struck out for the open sea.

He swam for a quarter of an hour or more out toward the wreck. Suddenly he sighted an object not more than a few yards from him and his instinct told him it was Bob. Jocko swam to him and caught hold of his coat collar. He turned around and headed for the shore. It told on his strength, this swimming with his mouth gripping Bob's coat. Several times a wave submerged them both and each time he kicked desperately to come to the surface. With his mouth closed all the time it was hard to breathe and many times did he swallow the bitter salt water. The cold was penetrating him to his very bones, causing him to kick more vigorously in swimming. He could not even pant with his mouth as it was, and when a dog cannot pant it suffers worse torture than can be imagined. Gasping, struggling, calling on every ounce of strength he possessed, exerting every muscle, while what strength he had left ebbing away each moment, Jocko swam heroically on.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm was ceasing and a heavy fog had set in when a boat washed up on the shore. Out of it stepped Mr. Worthington, supported on either side by husky men. "My son! my son!" came from his lips as he walked toward the lighthouse. His search had been unsuccessful and the vision of his son at the bottom of the ocean was more than he could bear. Suddenly the attention of one of the party was attracted by two dark shapes on the crest of a breaking billow. He ran forward and it was on that instant that Jocko, with his unconscious burden, toppled panting in a heap on the beach. A cry escaped the old lighthouse keeper's lips as he recognized his son. "He is saved! Oh, my son!" he exclaimed as he ran and knelt by Bob.

And Bob, in his unconsciousness and delirium, reached out a cold white hand and touched his dog. "Jocko," he murmured.



PHOTO BY SMALLEY

SENIOR ORACLE BOARD



## Class Poem

Since 1914

You want me to tell you the story, which started o'er four years ago,  
How this group has rallied together, and strived to keep things on the go;  
Of how they have gained their successes, all working with full power of man?  
So come, let us sit down together, I'll tell you as well as I can.

'Twas back in the year 1914, the month was September, I think,  
We started this course of true friendship, all joined by a Blue and Gold link;  
At first others thought we were timid, and needed, perhaps, a good shove,  
But though we were then very bashful, determined to stand far above.

The very next year we grew wiser, and increased our courage two fold.  
The others soon learned to respect us, looked up at the youngsters so bold.  
But we didn't get any swelled head, we kept right on plodding along,  
At times we felt very discouraged, but tried to keep singing a song.

Then after a summer's vacation, together began a new year,  
We felt we were pulling together, so held up our heads without fear,  
We soon made a hit with our elders, all knew we were marked for success,  
That third year we spent as a body went off with some pep, we confess.

This year for the last time we've gathered, to finish up work thus begun,  
Some hard propositions we've tackled, but fought out our battles and won,  
We've made many warm and true friendships, to many we're known for our fame,  
This last year has been quite successful, we've proudly raised higher our name.

Now, let me imagine the future, and wonder what life holds in store;  
While some take advanced education, life's trials will give others still more.  
And after this war has been ended, among us war's honors we'll hold,  
We've learned what to do for our country, we've learned 'neath the Blue and  
the Gold.

MONROE O'DONNELL.

## Senior Class Statistics

<b>Most Popular</b> Margaret Rice Harold Loizeaux	<b>Most Likely to Marry</b> Maud Whitford Timothy Loizeaux	<b>Most Happy-Go-Lucky</b> Miny Taylor Mac Fullerton
<b>Done Most for P. H. S.</b> Winifred Eaton Monroe O'Donnell	<b>Best Musicians</b> Beatrice Cottrell Harvey Naylor	<b>Faculty Joys</b> Cora Bender Howard Stelle
<b>Done Most for 1918</b> Margaret Rice Harold Loizeaux	<b>Class Babies</b> Marjorie Mehl Robert Heron	<b>Faculty Torments</b> Miny Taylor Allan Mogenson
<b>Most Class Spirit</b> Mary Simons Monroe O'Donnell	<b>Most Womanly</b> Winifred Eaton	<b>Most Energetic</b> Edith Peacock Allan Mogenson
<b>Most Executive Ability</b> Winifred Eaton Howard Stelle	<b>Most Manly</b> Philip Mills	<b>Best Natured</b> Mildred Drake Harold Condict
<b>Best All Around</b> Mary Simons Philip Mills	<b>Man's Lady</b> Marjorie Henwood	<b>Most Generous</b> Winifred Eaton Harold Condict
<b>Most Sensible</b> Cora Bender Alex Carver	<b>Lady's Man</b> Everett Jewett	<b>Best Dressed</b> Helen Luery Romeyn Voorhees
<b>Most Dignified</b> Grace Pond Wolcott Calkins	<b>Most Likely to Succeed</b> Marion Heyman Arthur Laury	<b>Most Athletic</b> Clementine Bremble Philip Mills
<b>Prettiest Girl</b> Margaret Rice	<b>Most Studios</b> Edith Peacock Ernest Feidler	<b>Biggest Bluffers</b> Anna Sherwin Morris Kline
<b>Handsome Boy</b> Everett Jewett	<b>Most Bashful</b> Margaret Mets John Bolsterle	<b>Biggest Talkers</b> Margaret Stout Mac Fullerton
<b>Biggest Jolliers</b> Margaret Stout Harold Condict	<b>Biggest Giggers</b> Edith Davis Howard Stelle	<b>Most Independent</b> Margaret Hanson Wolcott Calkins
<b>Biggest Blushers</b> Elizabeth Lawson Everett Boise	<b>Most Fun</b> Margaret Stout Mac Fullerton	<b>Best Actress</b> Natalie Goetter
<b>Orator</b> Gladys Major	<b>Best Dancers</b> Mary Simons Romeyn Voorhees	<b>Best Actor</b> Monroe O'Donnell
	<b>Poet</b> Margaret Hanson Monroe O'Donnell	



# GRADUATES



DOROTHY E. ADAMS

"Dot."

"I've lived and loved"—

General—Undecided. Alpha '18.

HOPE BERESFORD ANGLEMAN

"Hopie" "Girlie"

"Life without Hope is like Nectar in a sieve."

Classical—Wellesley. Sophomore Play Committee '16; Alpha '18; Sophomore Play; Class Basket Ball '16; 2d Prize Caesar '16; Junior Feed Committee '17; Junior Play; 2d Prize Cicero '17; Oracle Contributors' Club '17, 18; Knitting Unit '18; Surgical Dressings Unit '18; Property Manager Senior Play; Senior Play.





CATHERINE ARMSTRONG "Kate" "Catty"

"Carry me back to old Virginia."

Home Arts—Muhlenberg Hospital. Alpha Literary '18; Gym. pageant '16; Senior usher '18; Public Works Committee '18; Junior Red Cross Officer.

KATHARINE BARTLES

"Kat"

"For if she will, she will  
And if she won't, she won't."

General—Business. N. P. H. S. '15, '16. Christmas Committee '17; Triangle Debating Team '18; Oracle Reporter; Commercial Club; Secretarial Unit; Senior Play; Alpha Literary.



CORA BENDER

"Coree"

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures all her own."

General—P. G. Course. Alpha '18; Knitting '16, '17, '18; Honorable Mention Babcock prize '16; Oracle Reporter '17, '18; Senior Oracle Committee '18; Chairman Senior Play Committee '18; Senior Play; Gym Pageant '15, '16; Contributors' Club '16, '17, '18; Junior Senior Feed Committee; Costume Committee for Senior Play.



HOWARD BLOOMFIELD

"Bloomy"

"Never from his word departed."

Minstrel Show '16; Cadets '17; Froh-Heim '17;  
Oracle Board '17, '18; Track Team '18;  
Tennis Manager '18; Senior Play.



EDITH BOHL

"Bohlie" "Squeeks"

"To play her sweet will."

Commercial—Business. Commercial Club '15,  
'18; First Prize Bookkeeping I '15; Junior-  
Senior Feed Committee '17; Secretarial Unit  
'18.

EVERETT BOISE

"Ev."

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

Scientific—Technical School—Stevens. P. H. S.  
Minstrels '16, '17; Cadet Corps '16, '17;  
Senior Play; Industrial Army '17; Alpha  
Literary Society '18; Junior Decorating Com-  
mittee '16.





JOHN E. BOLSTERLE

"John"

"There is a gift beyond the reach of arts,  
of being eloquently silent."

Commercial—Business. Alpha; Christmas  
Decorating Committee; Senior Play.



STERLING BOOS

"Boos"

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

Commercial—Business. P. H. S. Cadet Corps  
'16, '17, '18; Class Basketball '16, '17, '18;  
Chairman Public Works Committee '17-'18;  
Minstrel Show '18; Senior Play; Alpha.



CLEMENTINE BREMBLE

"Clem" "Biff"

"Never idle a moment."

General—Savage Physical Training School.  
Alpha Literary Society '18; Gym Pageant '16;  
Glee Club '14, '15; Knitting Unit '18; Sur-  
gical Dressing '18; Junior Feed Committee  
'17; G. A. A. Dance Committee '16, '17; '17,  
'18; P. H. S. Basketball Team '16-'17, '17-'18;  
Class Basketball Team '14-'15, '16, '17, '18;  
Captain P. H. S. Basketball Team '16-'17;  
'17-'18; Swimming Team '15, '16; Secretary  
G. A. A. '14-'15, '15-'16; Treasurer of G.  
A. A. '16-'17; Senior Representative to G.  
A. A. '17-'18; Tennis '17; Chairman Class  
Room Committee '16-17; Senior Play.



FLORENCE BRICK

"Flo"

"Red as a rose is she."

Home Arts—Undecided. Alpha Literary Society; Sewing Unit.



ABRAHAM BUSSE

"Abie" "Bushe"

"A very valiant captain was Carbon de Castel-Jaloux."

Commercial—New York University. P. H. S. War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bond Banker; Secretarial Unit '17; Commercial Club; Alpha Literary Society; Senior Play.

MARGARET LOUISE CAREY

"Ted"

"Words without thought never to heaven go."

Commercial—Business. Glee Club '15-'16; Commercial Club '15, '16, '18; Alpha '18; Stenographic Unit '18.





RUTH R. CARVER

"Ruth"

"She speeds to the woodland walks"—

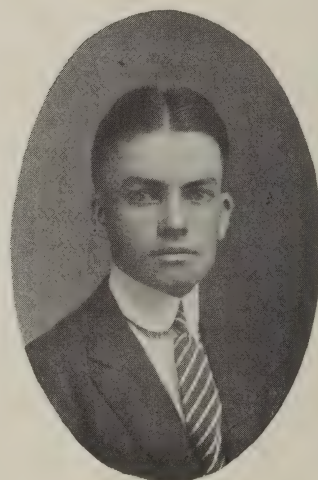
General—Newark Normal. Alpha '18; Senior Play.

WOLCOTT CALKINS, JR.

"Calky"

"My forebears come from New England."

Classical—Harvard, S. B. Course. Alpha; Senior Play; P. H. S. Usher '18; Cadet Corps '17, '18.



ALEXANDER B. CARVER

"Alex"

"Shake off slumber and beware!  
Awake! Awake!"

Classical—Undecided. Senior Play; Class Basketball '17-'18; Junior Industrial Army '18; Assistant Business Manager Senior Play '18; Alpha.





DOROTHY COBURN

"Dot"

"Blue are her eyes as the fairy flax."

Home Arts—Undecided. Oracle Reporter '16; Sophomore Play '16; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Contributors' Club; Knitting Unit; Senior Usher; Gym Pageant '16; Alpha Literary Society.



HAROLD VAIL CONDUCT

"Fat"

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

Classical—Lafayette. Swimming Team '15-'16; Usher '15, '16, '17, '18; Junior Play; Senior Play; Senior Ring Committee '18; Class Day Committee '18; Minstrel Show '17; Alpha Literary Society; Basketball '18.

BEATRICE COTTRELL "Bee" "Chubber"

"She follows joy and joy only."

Classical—Alfred University. Alpha Literary Society; Class Basketball '14-'15; '15-'16, '16-'17 Captain; Manager Tennis Tournament '17; Tennis Tournament '16, '17, '18; Glee Club '14, '15; Sophomore Play; Junior Feed Committee; Junior Sting Committee; Class Day Committee; Knitting Unit '17; Surgical Dressings Unit '18.





RAYMOND F. CORBIN "Ray" "Count"

"He was a good man, and a just."

Commercial—Business, Junior Industrial  
Army-Camp Holly '17; Class Basketball '18.

EVELYN DAVIDSON

"Eva"

"Out of breath to no purpose and very busy  
about nothing."

Commercial—Swimming Team '16; Gym  
Pageant '16; Commercial Club '17, '18;  
Stenographic Unit '18; Alpha Literary  
Society.



EDITH DAVIS

"Eed" "Edie"

They laugh that win."

Home Arts—Commercial Art, Junior-Senior  
Feed Committee '17; Senior Play, Winner of  
Girls' Tennis Tournament, Singles and  
Doubles '17; Chairman Sewing Unit '18; Gym  
Pageant '16; Alpha; Chapel Usher '18;  
Manager Tennis Tournament '18.



ELSIE W. DAYTON

"L"

"Both are alike—"

Classical—Undecided. Debating Team '18;  
Alpha; F. H. S. '15, '16, '17.



JEAN DAYTON

"Jean"

—"And both alike we like"

Classical—Swarthmore. F. H. S. '15, '16, '17.

MILDRED DRAKE

"Drakey" "Milly" "Mid" "Midsie"  
"Mousie"

"As merry as the day is long."

General—Business. Christmas Committee '17; Costume Committee '18; Vice President Alpha Society '16; Chairman Play Committee '16; Property Manager, Junior Play '16; Gym Pageant '16; Pan's Anniversary '15; Chairman Senior Feed Committee '16; Surgical Dressings Unit '17-'18; G. A. A. Board '17; Committee Freshman Reception '17; Class Basketball '15; Senior Play '17; Decorating Committee Freshman Reception '16; Hiking Club '16.





HENRY DREIER

"Henry"

"I never saw his like."

Classical—Columbia. Minstrel Show '15; left for farm April '18; Track Team '17; Cadet Corps '17; Sergeant '18; Auto Unit '17; College League Basketball '16; Alpha.

CONSTANCE DURRANT

"Connie"

"My mind is my kingdom."

Classical—Scudder School. Knitting Unit '18; Alpha; Sophomore Play '16; Oracle Contributors' Club '17, '18; First Prize Caesar '16; Second Prize Stenography I '17; Junior Feed Committee '17; Salutatorian '18.



WINIFRED EATON

"Pan"

"To minister to everyone  
Always and everywhere."

General U. S. Shipping Board; Chairman Executive Board of Junior R. C. '18; President P. H. S. J. R. C. '18; Chairman Knitting Unit '17; Vice Chairman Chapel Exercise Committee '18; Christmas Exercise Committee '17-'18; Chief Usher '18; Feed Committee '16; Surgical Dressings Unit '18; Knitting Unit '18; Stenographic Unit '18.

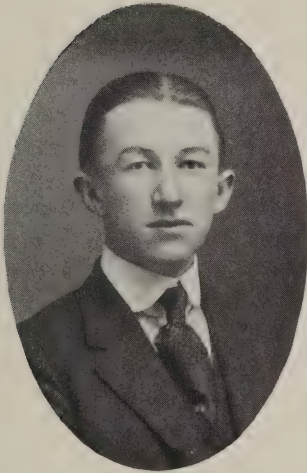


RUTH EDER

"Ruth"

"A life of unalloyed content."

General—Normal School, Montclair. Alpha  
Literary '18; Knitting Unit '18.



JOHN ENDRESS

"Red"

"Nero was a violinist of renown."

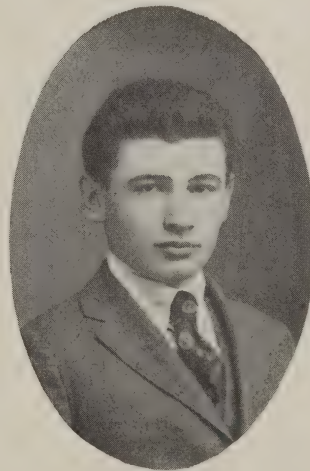
Scientific—Pratt Institute—Mechanical Engineer. Senior Play; Red Cross Woodwork Unit '18; Freshman and Sophomore Basketball teams; Cadet Corps '17-'18.

ERNEST FIELDER

"Ernest"

"What he wants nobody knows."

Classical—Scientific—New York University.  
Senior Play; Alpha Literary Society.





RUTH FREEMAN "Hon" "Shrimp"

"Common sense is the most worthy of all senses."

General—Commercial—Business. Glee Club; Alpha; Knitting Unit.

ISABELLA FRENCH

"Frénchy"

"Try to do to others as you would have them do to you."

Classical—Undecided. Christmas Exercise Committee '16, '17; Costume Committee Junior Play; Gym Pageant '16; Usher '18; Surgical Dressings Unit '18; Alpha.



NAOMI FRITTS

"Fritsie"

"Then she will talk—  
Ye Gods, how she will talk!"

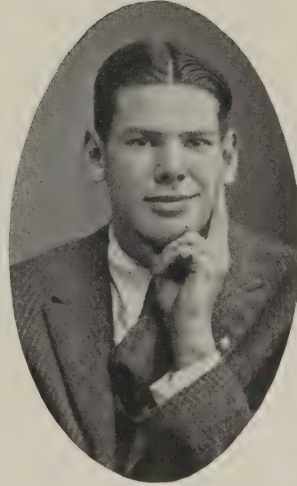
General—Muhlenberg Hospital. Alpha '18; Senior Play.

GEORGE MacFARLAND FULLERTON

"Mac"

"A man who is not afraid to say his say  
Though a whole town is against him."

Scientific—U. of P. Class Basketball '15, '16, '17, '18; P. H. S. Football '17; Oracle Board '16, '17, '18; Sophomore Play '16; Junior Play '17; Senior Play '18; Alpha Literary Society; Senior Oracle Board; Swimming Team '16, '17; Froh-Heim '17; Baseball Manager '18; B. A. A. Board '18; Junior and Senior Play Committees; Minstrel '15; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee; Captain Class Basketball '17; Senior Rush Committee '18.



NATHALIE GOETTER

"Nat" "Chink" "Get"

"A light condition, in a beauty dark."

General—Physical Training School. Alpha; Class Basketball '14-'15-'16-'17-'18; P. H. S. Basketball '15-'16-'17-'18; Gym Pageant '16; Public Works Committee '15, '16, '17; Junior Feed Committee; Senior Ring Committee; Senior Play; Knitting Unit; Surgical Dressings Unit.

CAROL GRANNATT

"Happy"

Thy name is like mine."

Classical—College. Gym Pageant '16; Christmas Committee '18; Senior Picture Committee '18; Knitting Unit '18; Alpha '17, '18; Class Basketball '17, '18; P. H. S. Basketball '18; Alpha Debating Team '17; Triangle Debating Team '18; P. H. S. Debating Team '18; Senior Play.







JOSEPH GREENWOOD

"Oakum"

"Always doing for others what nobody else  
thinks of doing"

Commercial—Business. Minstrels '15, '17;  
Sophomore Play '15; Senior Play; Baseball  
Team '18.

AGNES GRIFFITHS

"Igs"

"To love and be loved."

Commercial—Business. Alpha Literary Society;  
Class Basketball '17, '18; Commercial Club;  
Stenographic Unit; Comforts Unit.



FLORENCE HALL

"Fluff"

"I speak in a monstrous little Voice."

General—Undecided. Alpha Society; Junior-  
Senior Feed Committee '17; Knitting Unit.

MARGARET HANSON "Bridget" "Slats"

"Fair damsel, beam and blossom inspire  
poetry, but judge it not."

Classical—Vassar. Oracle Contributors' Club  
'17, '18; Chairman Contributors' Club '18;  
Chairman Costume Committee Senior Play;  
Craig Marsh First Prize '14; Second Bab-  
cock Prize '17; Honorable Mention Cicero  
Translation '17; Senior Oracle Board; Alpha;  
Senior Play.



MABEL HARING

"May"

"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a  
temple."

Commercial—Business. Commercial Club, '18;  
Alpha Literary Society; Honorable Mention  
Bookkeeping I; Senior Play; Junior-Senior  
Feed Committee '17; Stenographic Unit.

MARGARET HAMILTON

"Sis"

"You see that I remain the same."

Classical—General—Undecided. Alpha.





FRANCES HAZLIN

"Fanny"

"The timid it concerns to ask their way."

General—Newark Normal School. Alpha;  
Senior Play; Knitting Unit.

MARJORIE L. HENWOOD

"Peg"

"Come and trip it as you go on the light  
fantastic toe."

General—Undecided. Alpha.



PHOEBE HERRMAN

"Phoebus"

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing  
from a misty sky."

Commercial—Business. Honorable Mention  
Stenography I; Christmas Committee '17;  
Chairman Secretarial Unit; President Com-  
mercial Club; Alpha.



ROBERT HERON

"Rabbit"

"Behold the child by Nature's law  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Commercial—Business. Minstrel '16; Sophomore Play '16; Class Basketball '17, '18; Treasurer Commercial Club '18; Senior Play; Alpha.



MARION A. HEYMAN

"Marion"

"Ambition has no rest."

Commercial—At home. Glee Club; Alpha; Commercial Club; Stenographic Unit; Gym Pageant '16.

ELIZABETH HICKS

"Betty" "Betsy"

"What can I do to make myself forever  
known?"

General—Commercial—Undecided. Alpha;  
Knitting Unit; Senior Play.





KATHERINE E. HUGHES

"Kat"

"You are not so small as I."

Classical—Columbia (Secretarial Work). Glee Club '15; Gym Pageant '16; Omega '17; Surgical Dressings '18; Christmas Committee '17; Senior Play.

MARGARET HUGHES

"Peg"

"This look of thine will hurl my soul  
from heaven."

Commercial—Business. N. P. H. S. '15, '16;  
Secretarial Unit; Knitting Unit; Alpha  
Society; "General Nuisance."



RUTH IRBY

"Peggy"

"Conspicuous by her absence."

Classical—College. Alpha; Knitting Unit '18.

EVERETT JEWETT

"Ev" "Jew"

"Were man but constant, he were perfect."

Scientific—Undecided. Cadet Corps '17; Senior Rush Committee '18; President Alpha Society '18; Baseball '18; Class Basketball '18; Usher; Senior Play; Cheer Leader; Assistant Business Manager Senior Oracle.



MARGARET KEENAN

"Peggy"

"I have a spirit to do anything that appears not foul."

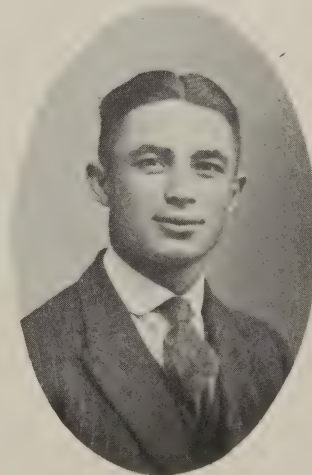
General—Montclair Normal. Gym Pageant '16; Omega Literary Society; Knitting Unit; Senior Play.

MORRIS WM. KLINE

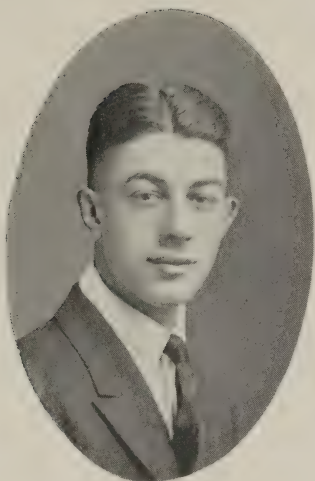
"Mush" "Shadow"

"A bold, bad man."

Scientific—Commercial. Alpha; Class Basketball '14; Varsity Basketball '15, '16, '17, '18; Varsity Baseball '15, '16, '17, '18; Captain Baseball '18; Varsity Football '14, '15, '16, '17; Captain (part season) Football '17; Chairman Senior Rush Committee '18; Senior Rush Committee '17; Vice President P. H. S. W. S. S. Bank '18; Usher '18; Assistant Business Manager Senior Oracle.







ARTHUR LAURY

"Stretch"

"Hath this fellow no feeling of his  
business?"

Commercial—New York University—C. P. A.  
Course. Class Room Officer '16; W. S. S.  
Banker Vice President; Commercial Club;  
Alpha; Usher; Senior Play.



ELIZABETH LAWSON "Bettie" "Happy"

"Thou mayest smile while all around thee  
weep."

Commercial—Business. Junior-Senior Feed  
Committee; Commercial Club '18; Omega  
Literary Society; Senior Play; Knitting  
Unit.



ETHEL LEWIS

"Skinny"

"A gentle soul."

Commercial—Business. State Shorthand Con-  
test '17; Omega; Secretarial Unit.







AMY LORTON

"Aim"

"Some hearts are hidden."

General—Commercial—Business. Omega '18;  
Gym Pageant '16.



MARGARET LOUNSBURY

"Midge"

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

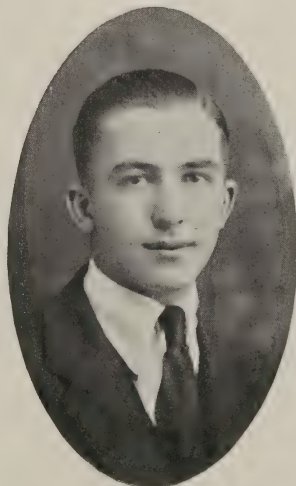
General—Montclair Normal. Omega; Senior  
Play.

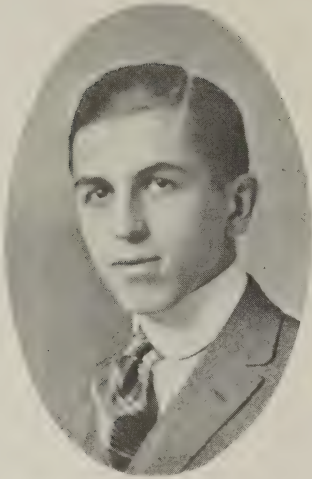
HAROLD LOIZEAUX

"Lousy"

"He is the choicest soul of mortal man."

Classical—Princeton. Sophomore Play. Business Manager Sophomore Play; End Man Minstrels '16, '17; Junior Play; Cadet Corps '16, '17; Literary Editor Oracle '17, '18; Usher '17, '18; Omega '17; Alpha '18; Assistant Manager Basketball '16-'17; Manager Basketball '17-'18; J. Red Cross Executive Committee; Chairman Chapel Exercises Committee; Senior Play; Senior Class President.





TIMOTHY LOIZEAUX

"Tim"

"Oh happy he who in sweet solitude—"

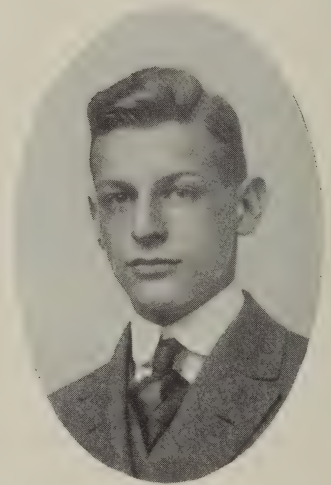
Commercial—Business. Class Basketball '16-'17, '17-'18; Varsity Football '17; Varsity Track '18; B. A. A. Minstrels '16; Senior Play; Business Manager Senior Play; Business Manager Senior Oracle; Industrial Army (Holly Farm) '17; Alpha.

LEON LUDECK

"Lud"

"You should have known him."

Scientific—Undecided. Minstrels '16; Ushering Squad; Sophomore Play; Froh-Heim Farm '17; Senior Play.



RUTH LYNN

"Crazy" "Ruddie"

"I'd rather be dead than be out of style."

Classical—Finishing School. Omega Literary Society; Gym Pageant '16.

GLADYS ELLEN MAJOR "Gem" "Major"

"My part has ever been to prompt—and  
be forgot."

Classical—Rutgers—N. Y. U. Law School. Class  
Basketball '16, '17, '18; Junior Play Com-  
mittee; Junior Play; Christmas Committee  
'16; Vice Chairman Oracle Contributors'  
Club '18; Senior Play Committee; Senior  
Play; P. H. S. Debating Team; Triangle  
Debating Team; Alpha '17; Omega '18;  
Senior Oracle Board.



DOROTHY M. MANNING

"Dot" "Cheshire"

"Meet then the Senior, far renowned for  
sense."

General—Beechwood School. Class Basketball  
'15-'16; Omega Society; Surgical Dressings  
Unit; Knitting Unit.

WALTER S. MARDER, JR.

"Walt"

"Men of few words are the best men."

Scientific—College—Electrical Engineer. Min-  
strel Show '15, '16; First Prize Mathematics  
'16; P. H. S. Cadet Corps '17; Christmas  
Exercises Committee; Senior Play; Omega.







MARIETTE C. McANENY

"Coppie"

"I must be measured by my soul."

General—Dr. Savage's School. Omega Society '17, '18; Gym Pageant '16; Knitting Unit '17, '18; Leader of Hiking Club '17-'18; Secretary of English Class '17-'18; Tennis Tournament '17, '18.



GEORGE McGOLDRICK

"George"

"Perhaps I never know him well enough."

Commercial—Business. Commercial Club '18; Senior Play.



MARJORIE KATHERYN MEHL

"Marge" "Mag"

"Always gayest of the gay."

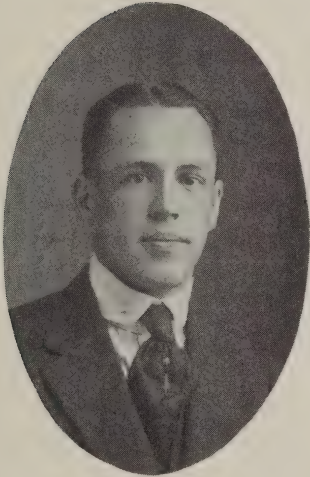
General—Miller's Business School, N. Y. Gym Pageant '16; Sewing Unit '17; Surgical Dressings '18; Auxiliary Member Knitting Unit '18; Senior Play; Omega '18.

MARGARET METS

"Margie"

"In peace was never lamb more mild."

Classical—Swarthmore. First Prize Cicero;  
Honorable Mention Caesar; Senior Play;  
Omega.



PHILIP J. MILLS

"Phil"

"Rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."

Industrial Arts—Undecided. Omega; Varsity  
Baseball '15, '16, '17; Varsity Basketball '17,  
'18; Varsity Football '17, '18; Varsity Tennis  
'15, '16, '17; Varsity Track '15, '16, '17, '18;  
Captain Basketball '18; Vice President Ath-  
letic Board '18; President Class '15; Member  
of Council '16, '18; Senior Rush Committee  
'18; Class Basketball '15.

ALVINA MOELLER

"Weenie"

"Look here, upon this poster, and on this."

General—School of Fine and Applied Art.  
Gym Pageant '16; Costume Committee Senior  
Play '18; Senior Play; Omega Literary  
Society; Knitting Unit '18.





ALLEN MOGENSEN

"Mogey"

"Why is this thus?"

What is the reason of this "Thusness?"

Scientific—U. S. Army. Minstrels '15, '16;  
 Sophomore Play; School Electrician '16, '17,  
 '18; Honorable Mention Babcock Prize '16;  
 Froh-Heim Farm Club '17; Junior Red Cross  
 Executive Committee '13; Chairman Wood-  
 work Unit '18; Freshman Reception Com-  
 mittee '18; Senior Play Stage Manager '18.



BERNICE NEIER

"Bernie" "Billy"

"Her speech is graced with sweeter sound  
 Than in another's song is found."

General—Study of Music. Omega Literary  
 Society; Surgical Dressings Unit.



HAROLD NIELSEN

"Had"

"Heaven never helps the man too slow to  
 act."

Scientific—Cornell. Omega Literary Society;  
 Class Day Committee; Senior Play.



MONROE D. O'DONNELL "Mo" "Monny"

"And the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man'."

Scientific—Undecided. P. H. S. Football '16, '17; P. H. S. Basketball '17, '18; Class Basketball '15, '16; Captain Class Basketball '15; P. H. S. Track '16; P. H. S. Tennis '16; Assistant Manager Football '16, '17; Manager Football '17; Class President '16, '17; Sophomore Play; Junior Play; Senior Play; End Man Minstrels '15, '16, '17; Manager P. H. S. Minstrels '16, '17; Oracle Reporter '15, '16; Oracle B. A. A. Editor '17, '18; Debating Team '18; Cheer Leader '16, '17, '18; Alpha Literary Society '17; President Omega '18; Leader School Exercises Committee '18; Ring Committee '18; Chairman Christmas Exercises Committee.



EDITH PEACOCK

"Edie"

"Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Classical—Undecided. Gym Pageant '16; Omega '18; Sophomore Play '16; Surgical Dressings Unit '18; Senior Play.

STEPHEN GREACEN PETERSON

"Pete" "Goose"

"Love wakes anew this throbbing heart."

Scientific—Undecided. Football '17; Omega Literary Society; Senior Play; Sophomore Play.





GRACE KIMBLE POND

"Betty"

'A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Classical—Columbia. Secretary Junior Class;  
Junior-Senior Feed Committee; Instructor and  
Chairman of Surgical Dressings Unit '18.

MARGARET RICE

"Peg"

"We two are a multitude."

Classical—Vassar. Vice President '17, '18;  
Junior Play and Play Committee; Chairman  
Ring and Pin Committee; Chairman Class Day  
Committee; Senior Play; Vice President;  
Omega Literary Society; Class Basketball '16,  
'17; School Exercises Committee '18.



AMY RICHARDS

"Amy"

"A woman's soul, most soft yet strong."

Commercial—Business. Commercial Club '18;  
Class Basketball '16, '17; Omega Literary  
Society; Junior-Senior Feed Committee;  
Stenographic Unit.

GLADYS ROBINSON "Sis" "Glad" "Mike"

"But, for my own part, it was Greek to me."

Commercial—Undecided. Omega Literary Society; Second Prize Stenography I; Commercial Club; Stenographic Unit.



AGNES RONAYNE

"Agnes"

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

Commercial—Business. State Shorthand Contest '17; Secretary Commercial Club; Gym Pageant '16; Secretarial Unit; Omega Literary Society.

SADYE SACHAR

"Smiling"

"As yet a child."

Commercial—Business. Glee Club '16; Commercial Club '16, '18; Omega '18; Gym Pageant '15.







ANNA SHERWIN

"Anne"

"I stood among them, but not of them."

General—Business. Alpha; Christmas Committee '18; Class Day Committee '18.

MARY SIMONS

"Skimp"

"Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."

General—Physical Training Ward Belmont. Omega; Class Basketball '14, '15, '16, '17, '18 (Capt.); P. H. S. Basketball '15, '16, '17, '18; Tennis Tournament Winner Doubles '14, '15; Tennis Tournament '17, '18; Tennis Team '14, '15; Class Swimming '14, '15, '16; Glee Club '14, '15; Vice President Class '15, '16; Secretary Class '17, '18; Secretary G. A. A. '16-'17; Junior Feed Committee; Christmas and Class Day Committee; Senior Play Surgical Dressings Unit.



RALPH J. SLONIM

"Slonie"

"He is a man both loving and severe."

Classical—Undecided. Orchestra '14, '15; Motor Unit; Minstrels '17; Agony Ate; Omega Literary Society; Senior Play.

G. STANLEY SMITH

'Smithy'

"I have thought it thoroughly over."

Scientific—Engineering. Senior Play.



A. VINCENT SMITH

"Vin"

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll  
drown my book."

Classical—Scientific—Technical School. Min-  
strels '14, '17; P. H. S. Cadet Corps '16, '17;  
Sophomore Play '16; Industrial Army (Holly  
Farm) '17; Senior Play '18; Omega Literary  
Society, Junior Decorating Committee '16.

EDNA F. SMITH

"Edna"

"A maiden never bold."

General—Undecided. Omega Literary Soci-  
ety; Glee Club '15, '16; Knitting Unit.





JOSEPHINE SMITH

"Jo"

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Classical—General—Dr. Sargent School of Physical Culture. Class Basketball '14, '15, '16, '17, '18; P. H. S. Basketball '17, '18; Omega Literary Society '17; Omega Debating Team '17; Glee Club '15; Midsummer Night's Dream '16; Senior Play; Chairman Senior Class Picture Committee.

HOWARD B. STELLE

"Chief" "Stellie" "Hibs"

"There's not a wind but whispers of thy name."

Scientific—General—Business. Sophomore Play Committee '16; Assistant Business Manager Sophomore Play; Minstrel Show '15, '16; Second Prize Geometry '16; Junior Play Committee; Cadet Corps '17; Junior Play; School Editor Oracle '16-'17; Editor-in-Chief Oracle '17-'18; Omega; Usher '17, '18; Senior Play Committee '18; Senior Play; Editor-in-Chief Senior Oracle '18; Valedictorian.



JANE STOUT

"Janie"

"What is the little one thinking about?"

General—Undecided. Glee Club; Gym Pageant '16; Junior-Senior Feed Committee; Senior Play; Omega.



MARGARET LIZETTE STOUT "Peggy"

"They always talk who never think."

General—Undecided. Class Basketball '15, '16; Sophomore Play; Junior Play; Senior Play; Junior Feed Committee; Omega Society; Glee Club '15, '16; Surgical Dressings Unit.



MINY TAYLOR

"Sard"

"And I will swim the ancient sea."

Classical—Undecided. Captain Swimming Team '15, '16; Basketball '18; Omega; Class Team '18; Sophomore Play.

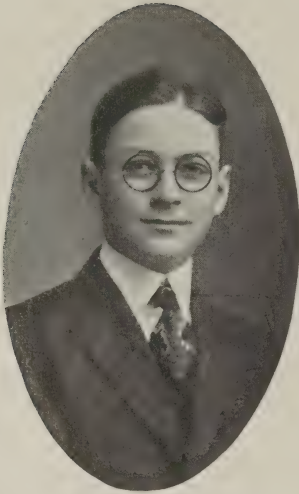
DOROTHY THIERS

"Dot"

"Your face is like the title page of a whole volume of roguery."

General—Muhlenberg Hospital. Swimming Meet; Senior Play.





RUSSELL TOMLINSON "Rus" "Tommy"

"His words all ears take captive."

Commercial—Undecided. Minstrels '15; Sophomore Play; Public Works Committee '17; Cadet Corps '17; Froh-Heim Farm Club, '17; Senior Play; Union County Prize Speaking Contest '18; Usher '16, '17, '18; Omega Literary Society '18.

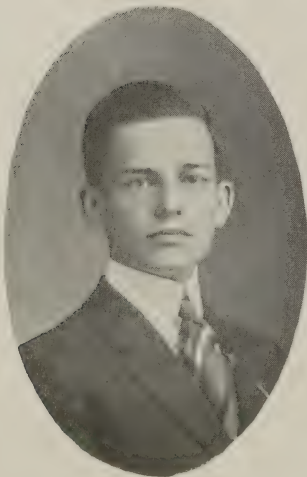


JENNIE S. TOWNSEND

"Jane"

"Those deep and tender twilight eyes."

Classical—General—Undecided. Omega.



CHARLES RICHARDS VINCENT, JR.

"Dick"

"Scarce rears above the earth his tender form."

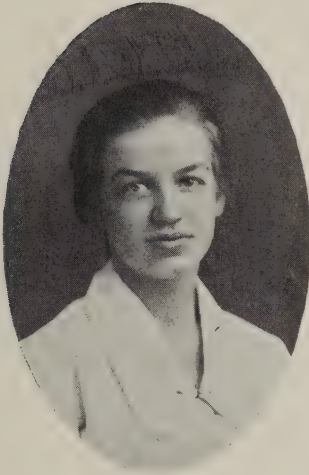
Scientific—Technical School. Minstrels '14, '18; Cadet Corps '17, '18; Senior Play; Omega '18; Hockey '18; Track '18.

ROMEYN VOORHEES

"Rhiney"

"We two are a multitude."

Classical—Princeton. Class Treasurer '16, '17, '18; Minstrels '16, '17; Senior Play; Omega; Class Day Committee '18; Christmas Exercises Committee '16; Senior Ring Committee; Public Works Committee '14, '15; Usher '17-'18.



IDA WALKER

"Ida"

"So meek and mild."

Home Arts—Undecided.

MAUDE L. WHITFORD

"Dimp"

"Love, sweetness, goodness in her person  
shine."

General—Undecided. Glee Club '15; Class  
Basketball '16, '17; Omega.







ARTHUR F. WIRTZ

"Bill"

"Life is short, and Art, long."

Scientific—Business. Minstrels '15; Senior  
Play; Woodworking Unit '18.

FLORA W. ZEEK

"Flo" "Bobby"

"Can we ever have too much of a good  
thing?"

General—Commercial—Business. Gym Pageant  
'16; Junior Play Committee; First Prize Type-  
writing I '17; Omega Literary Society; Senior  
Oracle Board; Knitting Unit.



ADA JOHNSON "Boots" "Billy"

"I gazed, and gazed, but little thought."

Commercial—Business. Omega; Basketball  
'17.

HELEN E. LUERY

"Hel"

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live."

Classical—Wellesley. Class Basketball '16, '17;  
Property Manager Sophomore Play; Junior  
Play; Senior Play; Junior Feed Committee  
'17; Omega Literary Society; Gym Pageant  
'16.

HARVEY NAYLOR

"Nails"

"He is of a very melancholy disposition."

Orchestra '14, '15, '17; Cadet Corps; Senior  
Play.

LEWIS ZEEK

"Ignatz"

"You may relish him more in the soldier  
than the scholar."

"In the service."



FOOTBALL TEAM



PHOTOS BY STONE & LUCKEY BASKETBALL TEAM



## Literary Hash

Over the Top .....	1918
Cyrano De Bergerac .....	Monroe O'Donnell
The Mob .....	Cane Rush
The Little Teacher .....	Hope Angleman
Cheer Up .....	P. H. S.
The Newcomes .....	Dayton Twins
The Howl of the Wolves .....	Agony Ate
The Woman Hater .....	Mac Fullerton
Why Marry? .....	Anne Sherwin
Business Before Pleasure .....	Harold Condict, Howard Stelle
The Copper-head .....	Grace Pond
The Complete Angler .....	Any Geometry Book
The Exiles .....	The '17-'18 Oracle Board
A Dog's Life .....	Senior Exams.
Miss Civilization .....	Dorothy Coburn
Carry On .....	1919
Fancy Free .....	Everett Jewett
The Land of Hearts Desire .....	Commencement
The Rainbow Girl .....	Peg Rice
Turn to the Right .....	Stanley Smith
Review of Reviews .....	Before Finals
Every Week .....	Monday Morning
Strutters' Ball .....	Alumni Dance
The Conspirators .....	Hi-Y-Club
Water Babies .....	Miny Taylor, C. Bartels
There's a Long, Long Trail .....	To Parker Field
Eyes of Youth .....	"Bobby" Heron
The Sunshine Girl .....	Mildred Drake
The Wanderer .....	Mr. Best
America, I Raised a Boy for You .....	Louis Zeek, William Egel, "Woody"
Popular Mechanics .....	Allan Mogenson, Walter Marder
The Deer (Dear) Slayer .....	Harold Loizeaux
Innocents Abroad .....	Margaret Mets, Wolcott Calkins
Love's Old Sweet Song .....	Beatrice Cottrell
Red Cross Magazine .....	Winifred Eaton
The Country Gentlemen .....	Arthur Laury, Howard Bloomfield
More than Conquerers .....	P. H. S. Junior Red Cross
Happiness .....	Elizabeth Lawson
Passing Show of 1918 .....	Class Day



PHOTO BY PAUL COLLIER

ACT I.

## Cyrano De Bergerac

If the Sophomore Plays were any indication of our future brilliance in the dramatic world, "Cyrano de Bergerac" as presented by us this year, fulfilled that prediction. From the time the curtains parted to reveal a theatre of the seventeenth century, until they closed again, at the end, the audience received a series of thrills.

Monroe O'Donnell, as Cyrano, displayed a deep appreciation of the character. Throughout sustained periods his nervous concentration never waned, his adriot movements and muscular concord never flagged. Joined to a powerful memory that needed no prompting was a vocal sympathy that held the ear and the heart. Whether fencing or wooing or dying, the actor was so completely enveloped in the character that the real Cyrano seemed imported for the occasion.

Harold Loizeaux portrayed admirably the part of Christian, the handsome, bashful lover, and showed in his final embrace the warmth he had been unable to express in words. George MacFarland Fullerton,, better known as Mac, contrived to extract a whole bagful of mirth from his pastry shop scene. Russell Tomlinson, the villain, acted with self-possession, had a real swagger, and flirted audaciously with Roxane. Howard Stelle, as Le Bret, the friend of Cyrano; Timothy Loizeaux, as the "Fat Tragedian;" Everett Jewett, as De Valvert, the noble lord who dares to duel with Cyrano, and Stanley Smith, as the dissolute nobleman, all played their parts exceedingly well, to say nothing of Harold Condict, who made a perfect monk.

Small wonder that there were three men madly in love with Nathalie Goetter, as Roxane, with her grace of pose, her soft voice, and her great feeling, particularly at the end. Who will forget the picture of Marjorie Mehl, as the Duenna, when she stood in the doorway and announced, "Monsieur de Bergerac, I have finished all the cakes?"

In a cast of eighty-four actors, it is, of course, impossible to mention every one. But those who saw the play will never forget the mob with its mischevious pages in their unique watermelon-pink; the dingy, but ever active pick-pockets, or the moving crowd of spectators in their beautiful blending colors.

The Class of '18 owes the success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" largely to the untiring efforts of our coach, Miss Eason. She cheerfully sacrificed hour after hour of her time to devote her entire efforts to our play. She was not only a coach, but a never-failing fount of information for distracted chairmen of play committees, whether they were property or costume managers, or scene-makers or shifters. And so, we, the Class of '18, extend to Miss Eason our heartiest thanks for her invaluable assistance in staging our play. We would have her realize that no mere words are sufficient to express our appreciation of her work.

1918 undertook a gigantic task in staging "Cyrano de Bergerac," but its success was overwhelming and we will ever be remembered by it.





ACT II.



PHOTOS BY PAUL COLLIER

ACT V.

## 1918 Stock Company

The Christmas exercises of the Class of 1918 were a joy to all beholders except, of course, the frightened little Juniors. The curtain parted revealing the cast of "Skewl Days" or 1918 at P. H. S. assembled for a rehearsal. Several members of the company were found to be missing. While awaiting their appearance, the sturdy Seniors sang:

"We are the players  
In this great acting feat  
Every one, every one,  
We'll sing those airs  
That make you shake your feet  
Every one, every one,  
No one can compare with us, you'll all say  
No one please make a fuss, while we are here today.

Chorus:—

Jolly and happy are we,  
Light-hearted, hopeful, and free  
And we can sing about most anything,  
Don't be afraid of our sting  
Our season's near about o'er  
We need understudies, for, when  
Next year we have left this life  
You, the Junior class must fill up all the empty ranks, so  
We'll talk you over right now  
To see if you'll do and how.

Then the quaking Juniors, applying for positions in the chorus, were escorted to the platform by the messengers sent to make sure of their appearance. They lost their nerve so easily. All applicants were found to be sadly lacking in ability. Each one was given criticism and advice and all were condemned to wait another year before attempting to join the elect. This troupe disbanded after singing the closing song:

"Next year is coming  
We've set things humming  
Oh, understudies all.  
You've watched us play  
You know our way,  
Don't let your memory fall.  
When you're all grown up to  
One fine Senior class  
Put P. H. S. first, not last.

Chorus:—

Put the High before the I,  
There's your work, there's the word, that's your cue;  
Can't you see we're actors young and old,  
This advice, well tried has made us bold;  
Junior Class, Junior Class, we are ready now to eat,  
On with the dance our password is,  
Give us food, let us shake our feet.

## Class History

### FRESHMAN YEAR

My memory ain't quite what it used to be, 'specially on dates, but so far as I recollect, it was some'ers around '14, when we hiked into this here business corp'ation. Yes, sir, I remember now, I used to have a week's rations, in the passin' o' the third floor back to the restaurant. If we could o' used oughtermobiles an elevators we'd a saved lots o' trouble cashin' Moore yeller checks for takin' too long to get from Ancient to Modern History.

Causebrook ran to beat the cars on the track team, but somehow he slipped an' when he'd sort o' gathered himself together, he found his floating rib had got sunk so's he couldn't navigate 'round the track for quite a spell.

Phil Mills made up for any lack o' speed by racin' around the baseball field.

Our Boys' Swimmin' Team begun to jump the rapids an' swam up the State Championship, an' that ain't no fish story. It's jus' the naked facts.

O' course the females had to do somethin' important, so Mary Simons an' Helen Peacock joined forces an' won the tennis tournament, in addition to keepin' Florence Ryder company on the basketball team.

I reckon that's 'bout all I kin figger out just at present, 'cept thet by the end o' the year, I was surprised to find out what a little bit them teachers knew. But, they've improved quite considerable since then, an' I reckon it won't be much longer 'fore they'll be most as smart as we was, back in '14.

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

Once, when we returned to High School,  
In the fall of the Sophomore year,  
Some of us formed a Kazoo orchestra  
And played about that all might hear.

Then, when we had finished playing,  
Just to let the High School know  
That we still were living with them,  
Our boys joined the minstrel show.

Moe O'Donnell sang and jested  
Jumped about and laughed in glee,  
Staid Loizeaux pranced and capered  
Till he was a sight to see.

Even then, our zeal unhampered  
By our lessons day by day,  
We decided to be famous,  
And we gave our Sophomore Play.



My, the joy to see O'Donnell  
 Bang the carpet with great zeal  
 In the "Mouse Trap," while Miss Taylor  
 Gave vent to a piercing squeal.

When at last our year was ended,  
 When the Sophomore race was run,  
 All the class became staid Juniors,  
 On the strength of work well done.

## JUNIOR YEAR

Classmates, classmates I've been thinking  
 Of what we did in our Junior year  
 If you'll all be very quiet  
 The great events you now shall hear.

Can you, can you, can you beat it?  
 We had a part in the Minstrel Show  
 Without our help it would have fallen flat  
 Loizeaux and O'Donnell sat in the front row.

We planned a play, a very funny one  
 Thru no fault of our own the play fell thru  
 The boys to Froheim went a farmin'  
 Without the fellows, what could the girls do?

The boys held a cane rush in the Gymnasium  
 What they did to the Seniors was a crime  
 We can't tell you how the Seniors felt next day,  
 They were too blue to be put in rhyme.

If you had visited our English classes  
 The treat you'd have had would a' been rare.  
 With all the fixin's we gave "Comus"  
 Bee Cottrell was Sabrina Fair.

Jack Shelly was a great debater  
 He'd argue with the great wise  
 But he spoke three times out of order  
 And so failed to take a prize.

We've got in our class a little mermaid  
 Miny Taylor is her name.  
 She took the honors in every swimming meet  
 She brought to us well deserved fame.

I'll bet you're tired of this long song  
 But all we've said we've done is true  
 I'll ask you folks if 1918  
 Didn't do all any class could do?

## SENIOR YEAR

The curtain rises upon the last great act of "Miss 1918." She now moves  
 in her proper sphere—that of leading lady. At last we have attained the top-

most rung of "young ambition's ladder." We are Seniors. Ah! what a life we lead. The lords of all we surely are, worshipped by 1921, revered by 1920, envied by 1919. We "strut and fret our hour upon the stage" in a pompous manner, and as "Cyrano" would have expressed it, had he been so fortunate as to number among us,

"We ourselves offer insults to ourselves with dash enough  
But suffer no one else to give them."

We elected for our illustrious leaders:

Harold Loizeaux, President; Margaret Rice, Vice President; Mary Simons, Secretary; Romeyn Voorhees, Treasurer. Our famous athletes, Money, Kilney, and Phil put the football season across the line most successfully. We are proud to say that early in the year we started to do our bit. Who could forget our Red Cross drive, ending in a hilarious snake dance of victory thru the corridors when, as the result of one morning's efforts, we enrolled the entire school in the Junior Red Cross organization—the first High School in the United States to accomplish this feat!

And did we have a basketball team? Well, I guess. With a "They shall bite the ground" attitude we effectively chastized N. P. H. S. three times. The girls' team in this same spirit of friendly rivalry repeated the performance.

What would have happened to the debating team without the valuable assistance of Money, Carol Grannatt, Bill Egel, and Gladys Major; and the Oracle, too, was upheld by four shining lights,—Loizeaux, Fullerton, Stelle, and O'Donnell.

Fearing to put the Juniors too much in awe of our powers we dipped our banners to them, but "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Consequences followed. The Christmas exercises revealed to the public their deep-dyed faults. Food somewhat subdued the hostile feelings of both parties.

Events now crowd upon each others' heels. First, a "Comedy of Errors," Midyears, agitation by the Hi-Yi Club for more school spirit, resulting in the addition of a new weekly assembly period and the memorable presentation of our many-starred service flag.

Then came the year's greatest venture—the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." After the performance the entire cast departed to fill their weary brains with cold facts in preparation for "A Trial for Treason"—the Senior Exams. We assume the attitude of Lady Macbeth—

"If we fail, we fail." But here we are 111 strong—"Three cheers for P. H. S."

## Closing Song

(To the tune of "Somewhere in France")

Seniors will have to say "Good-Bye"  
To the dear school we love  
Our Blue and Gold has reached the sky,  
Only Red and Blue above.  
High School remember now your fame  
And each must do his share  
To fling abroad dear Plainfield's name  
Be loyal, do and dare.

Chorus:

Nineteen eighteen must now leave you,  
Our work is nearly done  
For our Blue and Gold  
Great honors we hold  
From victories that were well won.  
Now, Plainfield High, as we leave you  
Headed by class nineteen,  
You can never forget  
Nor think of with regret  
Nineteen eighteen.

Juniors next year you'll lead the school  
In pathways straight and true  
As learned Seniors keep this rule,  
"Higher with the Red and Blue."  
In all athletics win the day,  
In scholarship shine bright,  
All failures you must fling away,  
And follow eighteen's light.

Sophomores we hate to leave you, too,  
Our loyal Sister Class,  
We Seniors all are proud of you,  
Every twenty's lad and lass.  
Next year remember while you work,  
As Juniors proud should do,  
Not one class duty must you shirk,  
Put first the Red and Blue.

Freshmen, you're very young and small,  
You have those Freshie airs,  
But you'll be Sophomores in the fall,  
And in chapel sit down stairs.  
Don't let your head swell up today,  
At once you can't gain fame,  
But follow nineteen eighteen's way,  
And finally make your name.

High School, to you we wave Good-bye,  
To all we leave behind,  
The friendships formed at Plainfield High  
We will always bear in mind,  
Farewell teachers and schoolmates true,  
So long glad days of old,  
We leave to you the Red and Blue  
But take our Blue and Gold.

MONROE O'DONNELL.



## Award of Prizes, 1918

### MATHEMATICS

The Dr. C. H. Stillman Prize, given by Mr. Wm. M. Stillman.

First Prize—\$15.00 in gold: George Bixby.

Second Prize—\$10.00 in gold: Rufus Larew.

Honorable Mention: John Mogey.

### ENGLISH COMPOSITION

1. The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mr. George L. Babcock, to the pupils of the three upper classes writing the best compositions.

First Prize—\$15.00 in books, chosen by the winner of the prize:  
Howard Van Lien Bloomfield.

Second Prize—\$10.00 in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize:  
Constance Allen Durrant.

Honorable Mention: Cora Bender, Dora Whitford.

2. The Craig A. Marsh Prize, given by Mrs. O. T. Waring to the pupils of the Freshman Class writing the best composition.

First Prize—\$10.00 in gold: Herbert Seaman.

Second Prize—\$5.00 in gold: Constance Voorhees.

Honorable Mention: John Daniel.

3. The W. C. T. U. Prize, for the best essay on a given topic.

Prize—\$5.00 in gold: Gladys Ellen Major.

Honorable Mention: Florence L. James.

4. The Courier-News Prize for the best essay on a topic relating to municipal affairs, written by a member of the Senior Class.

Prize—\$10.00 in gold: J. Harold Loizeaux.

Honorable Mention: Hope Beresford Angleman.

### TRANSLATION PRIZES

Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert. For the best sight translation of assigned passages, a first prize of three dollars, and a second prize of two dollars, expended in books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

## 1 Virgil.

First Prize: Margaret Elizabeth Mets.

Second Prize: Gladys Ellen Major.

Honorable Mention: Hope Beresford Angleman.

## 2. Cicero.

First Prize: Lawrence Marshall.

Second Prize: Romeyn Voorhees.

Honorable Mention: Ruth Buxton.

## 3. Caesar.

First Prize: Ruth White.

Second Prize: Spencer Meredith.

Honorable Mention: Janet Marchant.

## COMMERCIAL PRIZES

Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman. A first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars expended in the purchase of books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

## 1. Amanuensis.

First Prize: Gladys Mae Robinson.

Second Prize: Robert Heron.

Honorable Mention: Katharine Bartels.

## 1. Stenography I.

First Prize: Esther Loizeaux.

Second Prize: Ruth Lustig.

Honorable Mention: Ruth Compton.

## 3. Bookkeeping I.

First Prize: Esther Loizeaux.

Second Prize: Esther Mutnick.

## 4. Typewriting I.

First Prize: Edward Tomson.

Second Prize: Ruth Hummond.

Honorable Mention: Eva Chamberlain, Constance Durrant.

## PROPHECIES

HOPE ANGLEMAN—Hope will become matron of a home for feeble minded. She will *Percyst* in her endeavor to in*Stelle* French into the heads of some of the inmates. Her efforts will bring her a sad end, however, for she will tire herself out and become feeble minded.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG—Three years and “Kate” will be a full-fledged nurse, but as the war will then be over, she will become disgusted with her profession. Finally she will take up the teaching of dancing and become a second Mrs. Vernon Castle.

HOWARD BLOOMFIELD—Howard will make a brilliant record at Rutgers, where his only regret will be that he cannot take up a recitation period by arguing on the principles of philosophy with his professor in German. After finishing his course he will settle down to a quiet life.

ABRAHAM RUSSELL—Before “Abe” graduated he became highly efficient in handling cash. He will now become a banker where his handling of money will win him early fame. We are sorry for him, however, as he will be continually besieged by letters from other firms who are anxious to obtain his services.

CONSTANCE DURRANT—After leaving High School our salutatorian, Constance Durrant will run in opposition to Andrew Carnegie in maintaining libraries throughout the country. After reading all the books in circulation she will give lessons in “How to Read a Four Inch Thick Novel in Six Hours.”

WINIFRED EATON—A few years from now, if the war continues, we will find this unequalled example of patriotism across the ocean, working as a Red Cross nurse in one of the great hospitals of France. Or else, she will be aiding her father, touring the country and making speeches on patriotism to the workers in shipyards.

MAC FULLERTON—Will eventually become ambassador abroad. When seated around the council table with all the diplomats of Europe who are clamoring for war, Mac with his characteristic wit will speedily explain to the assembly that war is only a joke. The party will break up in good humor, and a European war will be averted.



AGNES GRIFFITHS—Agnes is soon to become known throughout the world as a great engineer. Her most important experiments will be along the line of trying to Jack up rivers and Causebrooks to run up hill.

CAROL GRANNET—Carol will not be content to live forever in a quiet little cottage overgrown with ivy, listening to the *Caryl* of birds outside her windows. No, she will very soon tire of living in one place and will move often when she finds how easily it is *Dun*. A *van* at the door, a little packing and she's in a new home.

MABEL HARING—After leaving High School she will take a position where her Spanish will come in handy.

ARTHUR LAURY—After leaving High School he will attend N. Y. U. and become an accountant. Becoming expert at this he will settle in New Brunswick and there start a new life.

JOHN BOLSTERLE—Recently took up a course in law and advertising in P. H. S. When last heard of he had just won an important law suit, entitled "Should his firm collect the ten cents interest on a note."

DOROTHY THIERS—Dot will start in her three years training at Muhlenberg in the fall, but when she finds How (h)ard the work is, she will undertake the study of astrology.

RALPH SLONIM—After leaving High School will attend Pratt for six years and then try to settle down in the automobile business because of his great interest in the Newark Auto Co. This little fellow will allow any good looking girl to ride in his *Cole*.

PHEBE HERRMAN—After Phebe graduates she will find herself at the head of a school where she will be teacher of a class, known as Model of Teachers' pets.

EDNA SMITH—Will be very busy for a while preparing her Sunday night suppers, but after Benny goes to war she will occupy her time writing "over there."

ETHYL LEWIS—Ethyl, whose wealth of hair has been the envy of many of her feminine classmates, will decide that it would be far more becoming bobbed and will sell her hair for the benefit of the Red Cross. This deed of goodness will so arouse the admiration of her employers that they will make her head of all their women clerks.

MONROE O'DONNELL—When Moey finishes High School he will have a fine time chasing Fortune across the sea as a soldier. He will stumble, but rise (Rice) again. He sees "Em" all fall, but at last he will get'er (Goetter). He is "White" thru and thru, but inclined to a wicked business the "Vans and Teams, Inc.," (Van Zandt). He will receive the "Croix de guerre," "Victoria Cross," and the "American award," returning to America after the war, stoop shouldered from wearing a terrific load of medals on his chest.

AMY LORTON—Amy's business training, which she received in P. H. S., will give her such a start in the commercial world that we will see her in ten years time at the head of all the stenographers of the Northern Pacific Railway Company.

RUTH FREEMAN—In ten years we will behold our demure little Ruth at the head of a large and flourishing establishment for giving people directions as to the best way to reach the planets. She will be an authority on the navigation of the canals of Mars.

NAOMI FRITTS—After ten years have passed we will find Naomi bringing her half conscious patients back to consciousness by her incessant talking and excellent nursing, which she learned in "Home Nursing" at the Red Cross in 1918.

FLORENCE HALL—Will go to St. "George" College at "Patterson" for two years. Some day the president of China will visit the college, take an interest in Florence and carry her back to his home where she will spend the rest of her life trying to learn how to eat more than one grain of rice at a time on her chopsticks.

ROBERT HERON—This young man will be president of the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company. A little Jane will become his private secretary, she will see that no Doorman becomes a member of the firm.

MARION HEYMAN—Contrary to expectation Marion will not devote her time to breaking all records for speed on her typewriter. Instead she will lead a secluded life studying authors (Author's).

KATHRYN HUGHES—Kathryn will spend the next few years growing up, and playing tag with the track team. After this process is completed she will settle down as a staid batchelor-maid teaching French to Frenchmen.

MARGARET HANSON—Bridget will devote the next fifteen years of her life to writing poems on birds, Harold, flowers, Sprague, love, bleeding hearts, and Jake. But suddenly discovering that she possesses musical talent, she will give up poetry with all its dear memories and become a renowned violinist. However, her repertoire will be limited to two selections: "Melody in F" and an original composition of her own entitled, "Kats Concert." The latter will be so realistic to her audience that at her first appearance in public she will receive several bruises from falling bricks and shoes.

EVERETT JEWETT—Everett has a big future ahead of him. He may raise *hens* behind the *wood* pile, he may play with Edith in the movies, or perhaps live on dancing with Dot.

MORRIS KLINE—After leaving Plainfield High School, Morris will start out to conquer the world, Rutgers being his first stop. He will leave that worthy institution of learning after a stay of seven years. His name will be long remembered there because of his brilliant playing on the football, basketball, and baseball teams.

ELIZABETH LAWSON—Betty will not become a nun in convent as might be expected. No, she will go upon the stage and become an actress, for the sole purpose of economizing for Government. She believes that she can save the rouge ordinarily wasted upon actresses, because her wonderful talent of constantly blushing will not necessitate the use of any.

GLADYS MAJOR—After leaving P. H. S. Gladys will become the famous "girl Senator from Bound Brook." Once in Washington, she will captivate all ears by her wonderful orations. Her favorite subject for argumentive speeches will be: "Why one should hang the moon on the clothesline when one goes walking?" Indeed, no subject will be too difficult or too appalling for her to tackle.

DOROTHY MANNING—This young lady has a unique future before her. After pursuing a course in "Williams School for Farmerettes," Dot will become famous by writing a book entitled, "How to Remove Splinters from the Eyes of a Potato." By her success as an author she will be spurred on to greater efforts and will take up the study of birds, Eagles in particular.

HAROLD NEILSON—Behold our Harold on the farm of Pa and Ma at Jonathan at Pumkin Center, performing with the rest of the animals. He will attempt a bareback ride on a pig, but piggy will leave him face down in a mud puddle. Not content with that, he will sally forth to have a combat with Pa's bull. It must be confessed that Pa will cart him home in a wheelbarrow. By this time Harold will have enough of farm life, and join, as a contortionist, the first traveling circus that passes through Pumkin Center.

HOWARD STELLE—After recovering from four years of hard work, our famous valedictorian will go to Bound Brook and live on Rest and Nuts for many years. He will thrive on this diet and will be able to write an illustrious book on "Big Brother's Girl." This book will be eagerly read by all commuters, Juniors and other animals.

JANE STOUT—Though Jane has tried her "Hand" at chemistry, she will not continue it; instead she will travel from stream to stream and cast her line in each one, her only catch will be Heron.

STANLEY SMITH—Our eminent scholar from Somerville, will attend an Engineering School after which he will create many novel inventions. His most important one will be an indestructable heating plant, which will be installed in all Somerville schools, to avoid temptation, on the part of the students, to lengthen vacations during cold months.

RUSSELL TOMLINSON—Russell will face a long public career. Starting out as a street cleaner, he will in turn become: street commissioner, health inspector, councilman, mayor, and finally, Congressman. Indeed, at the age of 49, after his remarkable advancement, he will become Speaker of the House; no, not the House of Representatives, but of his own private home.



FLORA ZEEK—Flora will be a brilliant business woman and a credit to P. H. S. In her leisure hours, she will roam (Roome) in Montclair where she will later make her home.

LEWIS ZEEK—After showing Fritz what 1918 can do in Berlin, will return to U. S. A. and join the G. A. R. and participate in all patriotic parades of Plainfield and suburbs.

ARTHUR WIRTZ—Having added two feet to his present stature will be eligible to the Stretcher gang and meet Stretch Updyke in the Hospital Corps.

PHILIP MILLS—Once Phil gets in France he will win the "Croix de Geurre" for bravery shown driving his ambulance. When the war is over he will return and settle down in the nearby mountains, and in his leisure time will coach the different athletic teams of the Scotch Plains School.

ALVINA MOELLER—Will study art in New York and will find that her talent lies mostly in painting landscape pictures of high mountains and low, broad "Val"leys.

BERNICE NEIER—Who has proved to be one of our foremost musicians will continue to master Chopin. "Willett" please you to come and hear her sometime?

GREACEN PETERSON—Will enlist in the navy upon leaving High School, but he will soon find that the bread of the navy is not half as good as "Zeeks."

ANNA SHERWIN—Will not continue to "Phil" (fill) her position in our 1918 Stock Company after June 18th, because immediately after graduation Anna will pursue the road to matrimony where her happiness will reach from here to the "sky" (Schuyler.)

MARY SIMONS—Little "Skimp" will become an expert farmerette. Her fame will be won by a pamphlet written on the "Art of Raising Cabbages from Lima Bean Seeds."

ROMEYN VOORHEES—After graduating from High School, Romeyn will enter Princeton, where he will still continue to "Peg" away as hard as ever and having won three degrees he will write a history entitled "The Rice and Fall of Women's Skirts."

JOHN ENDRESS—John will drive cars from Flatbush to Mushhank for the Bamboozle Motor Corporation until he runs up a tree. His red top will set the gasoline on fire and he will start his heavenly voyage—to Bound Brook.

VINCENT SMITH—Who would never be separated from Dick and Ev, will go into partnership with them. They will have a quarrel as to whose *arm* is *strong* est and Vin will leave them. At some time he may become *stout* and take to reducing on Johnson's Drive.

WILLIAM EGEL—Bill is in the army, just now working his head off. But we are very sure he will some day return to his Alma Mater in order to see those sitting on the left in chapel.

EDITH PEACOCK—Here is a secret. Edith is very fond of operas, especially those written by *Wagner*. She won't admit this to most people and when asked why she says, "Oh, I like to *string em*."

JEAN DAYTON—Jean, after studying with much effort to be a violinist and being unable to succeed, will finally decide to take up Physics and teach it to the Hindoos.

MARGARET RICE—Peg will go to Vassar and in the summer work on war gardens, but when school is in session she will join a rowing club and one day will say to a club mate, "It is your turn to *row*. *Mine* will soon come. I am going to wait."

AMY RICHARDS—Amy is the Best secretary the school has yet produced. She will surely make her mark in the world.

GEORGE MCGOLDRICK—George, who is still very young and small, will have a hard struggle when he first starts out in the wide world, but in the end he will come out on top.

JENNIE TOWNSEND—Meek little Jennie with her blue eyes will become a teacher, but will teach in her home town, so she won't have to ride in the rickety bus any longer.

ERNEST FIEDLER—Ernest has a remarkable record. He is always the first to arrive at room 210 mornings and is always found studying. He is sure to become a great man. Keep up the good work, Ernest, and go over the top.

NATHALIE GOETTER—Nat has decided to go on the stage and play the part of Roxane. She will enchant everyone by her beauty and grace. But after a tour the world, acting everywhere, even in Uganda and Zanzibar, she will settle down in Palagonia and teach the natives how to play basketball.

EVERETT BOISE—Will try his hand in the business world, but will be too restless for that. When he tries to enlist in the Army he will be rejected because "Arms" are not "Strong" enough to carry a gun.

WOLCOT CALKINS—Our Mayor's young son, will go to college and study law, but finding he is not suited to that, he will take up chemistry so that he can learn more about "Davis Baking Powder."

CATHERINE BARTELS—Behold her, one of the "Water Babies." After she leaves High School she will become the world champion woman swimmer. When she disagrees with her manager she will be able to sway him to her way of thinking by her oratorical efforts.

CORA BENDER—Our most ladylike Cora, after leaving High School, will take a P. G. in California in hair dressing, after completing this course she will return to Plainfield a *champion* hairdresser.

CLEMENTINE BREMBLE—Who has always been famous in our class for her good disposition and athletic ability, will take up a course in physical training and will be "Happy" ever after with her Freshman Class.

ALEX CARVER—Carver will enter a university where he will pursue his study of mathematics—successfully (???) in hopes of being able to accomplish something. He will marry early, but his wife will make him add the bills. Let's buy an adding machine for Carver.

MARGARET CAREY—Margaret will attempt to become a writer in an effort to acquire a vocabulary large enough to compile a dictionary of words unfamiliar to High School students.

HAROLD CONDUCT—After finishing a culture course in college, Harold will become a minister. If the war is not over he will go to France as an army chaplain, but if it is, he will become interested in missionary work in the Antipodes, and will Christinize many of the natives.

EDITH DAVIS—Will come back to P. H. S. and teach the little Freshies the art of smiling and having successfully done that she will enter the business world, and there her smile will win her, we wonder what?

MILDRED DRAKE—Has suddenly become very much interested in "phil"-anthropy. When she has finished courses in Substituted Management and Child Pedigogy she will open an orphan asylum. Over the door will be the sign, not "The Lord Will Provide" but "Tea Served in the Cooking Room Every Friday at Four."

HAROLD LOIZEAUX—Our Senior President, will have a many-sided career. The executive ability which he has proved to possess will enable him to make a fortune from the large White Rice plantation which will engage his attention.





PHOTO BY STONE & LUCKEY

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—1917-1918

## Last Will and Testament

We, the great, gallant, honorable, and only Class of 1918, being of sound mind, memory, understanding, and masters of education, do hereby bequeath, force upon, and insist on being taken, this, our Last Will and Testament.

To the School at Large:

*First*—To the school at large the privilege of keeping intact the standard of our Red Cross Organization. This is 1918's prize gift.

*Second*—The joy of going to chapel on Thursday morning.

(a) The task of securing such members for the Chapel Committee as we had.

(b) The joy of marching to the strains of the "Agony (Eight)?"

*Third*—The privilege of attending the Wednesday morning classes.

*Fourth*—The trick of getting a "B" average for certificate grade, as well as all our members have done.

To the Class of 1919. We hand down, pass on, and give up:

*First*—The front seats in chapel.

*Second*—The Senior privileges which we failed to discover.

*Third*—The impossible task of producing a play equalling our masterful production of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

*Last, but not least*—Our friend and advisor, Mr. Hubbard.

To the Class of 1920.

*First*—The privilege of being roasted by the Seniors and feeding them in return.

*Second*—The right to give a Junior play.

*Third*—The duty of improving the Queen City (not hotel) by picking up the papers in the park.

To the Class of 1921.

*First*—The task of keeping the incoming Freshmen in the straight and narrow path.

*Second*—The privilege of following our example by giving a Sophomore play.

To the Class of 1922, the incoming Freshmen.

*First*—We bequeath the grand and glorious colors of Blue and Gold, which we trust will be duly revered and carried with as much honor as we have added to them.

*Second*—The realization that they have at last reached the "bottom of the ladder."

To the Faculty.

We leave the task of finding so many fine scholars and so many happy spirits as are in the Class of 1918.

In Witness Whereof, this eighteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and eighteen, we have caused the hand and seal of the great Class of 1918 to be affixed.

Furthermore, we nominate and appoint our honored, true, and loyal friends, Macbeth, and Julius Caesar, as executors of this, our Last Will and Testament, and the same to be in execution September, 1918.

CLASS OF 1918. (SEAL)

Witnesses:

LAMB'S TALES,  
THE ANCIENT MARINER,  
DR. JEKYLL AND  
MR. HYDE.

HAROLD LOIZEAUX, President.  
MARY SIMONS, Secretary.

Notary Public:  
PLUTO.



We Congratulate  
The Class  
of 1918  
And Extend  
To Them  
Our Best  
Wishes for  
Success as  
They Enter  
Into a  
Larger Sphere  
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With very best wishes for the future prosperity of the Class of 1918, of which we are proud, we are

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